

Moving Sidewalk in Paris.
A well-known engineer, M. Casalonga, is so favorably impressed with the practicability of the moving sidewalk that he has worked out a plan for a rolling platform running from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de la Bastille. That part of Paris now has an omnibus line, but owing to the crowded condition of the streets the accommodations are very unsatisfactory. The platform itself would consist of three parallel parts, running with speeds of 2, 4, 5 and 7 miles an hour, respectively. A passenger walking on the third platform could thus attain a speed of nine to ten miles. The promoters are contemplating even a quadruple platform, making the higher speed as great as twelve to fourteen miles an hour.

Shouting Their Praises.
Kirkland, Ill., Jan. 2.—(Special.)—Cured of the terrible Rheumatic pains that made him a cripple for years, Mr. Richard R. Greenham, an old and respected resident of this place, is shouting the praises of the remedy that cured him, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had the rheumatism in my left limb so that I could not walk over ten to fifteen rods at a time and that by the use of two canes," Mr. Greenham says. "I would have to sit or lie down on the ground when I was out trying to walk and the sweat would run down my face, with so much pain. I could not sleep at night for about five or six weeks.

"I tried different doctors' medicines, but they were all no good. Then I sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills and almost from the first they brought relief. By the time I had taken fourteen boxes of them my rheumatism was all gone and I can truly say I feel better than I have in the last twenty-five years."

Three Pleasant Surprises.
He—I got that dressmaker's bill of yours to-day, and I paid it. It was \$25 and took every penny I had. But I wanted to get it off my mind.

She—How good of her!
He—What do you mean?
She—Oh, I told her to divide it into four quarters and send you one at a time.

Pico's Cure for Consumption cured me of a tenacious and persistent cough.—Wm. H. Harrison, 227 W. 121st street, New York, March 25, 1901.

A Victim of Pelee.
"Lady," began the dusty wayfarer, "could you help a poor sufferer of Mount Pelee?"

"Mount Pelee?" echoed the housewife; "why you are no resident of Martinique."

"I know that, ma'am, but I am a sufferer just the same. Half the things kind ladies had saved for me day sent down here."—Philadelphia Record.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Licking, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN-OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Pat's Attempt at Suicide.
Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusioned and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would net him a little something to help him keep body and soul together. Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all, and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes, he asked:

"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"

"Trotyin' to choke meself, av course," was Pat's answer.

"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."

"Sure an' I tried that, but I couldn't breathe."—New York Times.

He knew One.
"Well, you're a veterinary surgeon—what do you know about a horse?" asked a browbeating attorney.

"I don't pretend to be a horse doctor," replied the witness, "but I know a good deal of the nature of the animal."

"That means to say you know a horse from a jackass when you see them," continued the lawyer in the same style, looking knowing and glancing triumphantly around.

"Oh, yes, just so!" drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor. "For instance, I should never take you for a horse!"—Tid Bits.

HABIT'S CHAIN.
Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a lifelong habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a foreboding hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard.

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee.

THE RICHES OF LOVE.
Talk about Poverty—nothing it seems;
Rich am I ever, with Love and the dreams!
Who with my wealth in the world can compare—
Rich in the glory of Jenny's gold hair!
Beautiful, down streaming hair that I hold
In the hands of me—kissing and loving its gold.

Talk about Poverty—bright the sun streams!
Take the world's riches and give me Love dreams!
Dreams in the dark skies, and dreams in the fair,
The light—the brave splendor of Jenny's gold hair!
Earth hath its millions—but nothing like this;
The beautiful hair whose golden ringlets I kiss!

There is no Poverty!—Give me, dear God,
Not the gold harvests that color the sod;
Not the world's breath, over far oceans blown—
But the red lips of Jenny, that lean to my own!
And even in death just a joy, like to this:
Her gold hair to shadow me—sweet with Love's kiss!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THREE IN A GARDEN

ON the gray stone steps that led from one smooth lawn to another stood Cynthia. One foot had sought a lower step, the other lingered above, and the clinging gown of white, out of which peeped shoulders yet whiter, outlined the slender figure. The expression on the face under the large hat, bent downward by ribbon tied daintily beneath the chin, showed rapt attention to the notes of a violin, proceeding from behind the closely cropped hedge.

It was a picture a man might look upon for all a summer's day, and then not have his fill. But I, from my seat beneath the trees, found no pleasure in it.

"Curse the long-haired, fiddling fellow!" I muttered, and began to walk across the lawn to Cynthia. But even when I stood below her, with my hat doffed, I might have been a man invisible for all the notice I gained.

"Good day, Cousin Cynthia," said I. The music from behind the hedge sobbed and wailed yet louder. I myself could have fancied a tune with more spirit; something to stir a man's blood—to fill him with the wild madness of the charge—aye, or even a rousing song to suit the passage of the flag. But it was evidently to the taste of my cousin, for she still stood listening, and took no notice of my salutation.

"It is a fair morning," said I, at length, thinking she was not aware of my presence, and seeking to attract her notice.

"Your voice is not in harmony with these sweet strains, cousin," she replied, not favoring me with even so much as a look.

"In truth, a crying child would suit them better," I retorted.

Cynthia deigned no reply, but drew aside as I ascended the steps and stood abreast of her.

"You treat me harshly, cousin," said I.

"I did not bid you come."

"Will you go up with me?" I inquired, pointing to the lawn above us.

"Nay, I am going down."

"To him," I added, bitterly. "You do, indeed, go down."

"A witty cousin," she cried. "But possessing little courtesy, as, indeed, I found last night."

"I was angered, and did not pick my words."

"Indeed, but you did, cousin; you picked the most unpleasant."

"Perhaps I had occasion."

"Perhaps? Or not? It is of little consequence," exclaimed Cynthia, raising her white shoulders with a great show of indifference. "Good morning, cousin."

She held out her hand to me, and I touched it lightly with my lips. Then she ran down the steps, and began to cross the lawn below.

I have heard it said, and by those who should know, that none moved with more grace than my cousin Cynthia. And I, as I stood motionless on the steps, gazing after her, was suddenly filled with a very passion of love and longing. I would go after her—throw myself at her feet, and beg her to give me back her love, which but a day since I had thought was mine. But as my pride and my love fought within me, Cynthia had reached the hedge whence came the music. I fancied she half turned her head toward me; certainly she paused a moment. I ran down the steps.

But then she vanished behind the hedge; and immediately the music ceased. I turned away full of anger and despair, though, as yet I failed to realize how that which had happened were possible, and how my dream of happiness had been shattered in an hour. For on the previous evening there had been dancing in the great house that stood in the midst of the garden, and I, as a favored suitor, had many times claimed the hand of the Lady Cynthia. It is true it had been granted me, and my friends had still no reason to believe but that I was in possession of her heart. But I knew differently, for though her hand was in mine, her eyes sought continually the face of a young stripling, a member of the company of musicians hired to play while we danced. At first I mistrusted my eyes, refusing to believe such a thing. Few were more proud than my cousin, and it seemed impossible that she, of the highest in the land, could smile on a mere fiddler from the court. But a lover's eyes are quick; and the truth, hideous though it were, forced itself upon me. Then, foolishly, I spoke bitter words to her, and she returned them. I reproached

whom I like—so you need have no fear for yourself, Cousin Richard."

Now, I had determined to have no repetition of the quarrel of the previous night. So I answered quietly, seeking to know the truth, and to abide the result as a man should.

"I ask your pardon for my hasty words," I said. "But a few weeks ago you made me believe that my suit was not distasteful. Now, in a moment, you cast me off for another. Have I no excuse for sorrow and anger?"

"Perhaps, Dick," she said softly.

Then I was conquered. I threw myself at her feet, crying that I loved her and would die for her, and all the sweet mad speeches that lovers make. But she stood quietly, and when I found no more words (they were ever wont to fail me) she looked down at me and said smiling:

"The sun is warm, and I fear—"

I sprang to my feet, for a moment hating where I had loved. But before I could speak Cynthia held out her hands to me, crying:

"Nay, you misunderstand me. I did but suggest that under the great oak tree we might converse with more comfort, and"—(here she smiled at me) "with less chance of being overlooked."

Again my anger left me at her words, and we crossed the lawn into the cool shade of the trees. One of them, a mighty oak, had its trunk circled by a wooden seat. It was not the first time we had visited it.

"Are you still very angry with me, Dick?" asked Cynthia, when we were seated.

"How can I be pleased?" I returned mournfully.

"Then we must sit apart, not being friends," she said, and glided round the seat so that her back was toward me and the trunk of the tree between us.

So we sat in silence, while I pondered on the riddle that was so hard to read. Why had she come to me, a discarded and angry lover, with the kisses of another and more favored suitor fresh on her lips? And greater wonder still, why did she stay with me, and speak to me in this manner? Either her heart was hard, and taking pleasure in my pain, or else there was some mystery in the matter. Yet I could but believe my eyes, and they had seen her kiss him.

Presently, as no sound came from the other side of the tree, I moved slightly, and bent my body so that I could see the graceful curve of her white neck, and a rosebud nestling in her dark hair. Then suddenly she turned her head and met my gaze.

"Why do you look at me, Cousin Richard, if you are so angry with me? But perhaps there is hate in your eyes. Is there hate in your eyes, Cousin Richard?"

For answer I moved toward her, but she held out her hands as if to push me away.

"Nay, nay," she cried, "it is not safe to have an angry man who hates me too near."

"You know that I do not hate you," I answered.

"I would see for myself. Look at me again, Dick."

Obediently I turned my head, and, she doing likewise for a moment, we gazed into each other's eyes. Then she turned from me again, and said gravely shaking her head:

"Nay, I think I need have no fear. You may come round a little—just a little more—Dick."

And then I had the advantage, for my arm slipped round her waist so that she could not run away, and with the air of a master (as, indeed, a man is when he holds his love in his arms) demanded that she should tell me the answer to the riddle.

"There was once," she began, as if she told some tale of the fairies, "a poor girl who worked for her bread. She was foster sister to one who could have given her all she needed, but in her pride she would have none of it. Her only talent was in music, so she joined a company of musicians, and because none but men might play with them in public places, she donned man's attire. But it led her into sad trouble, for one day a gallant gentleman would have slain her because she met her sister secretly, that their friendship might not lead to the discovery of her disguise, and because that sister kissed her."

"But why did you not tell me this before?" I cried, amazed at the story.

"Your words were hard last night, deserving punishment, and I thought—"

Cynthia paused and looked up at me roguishly.

"Yes?" I inquired, pressing her closer to my side.

"I thought that if I were to have you for a husband, I had best train you to be a good one."—Harold Oblis, in the King.

A Gratitude Protest.
A Philadelphia commercial traveler, who was stranded in a Georgia village, sat on the porch of the small inn, patiently awaiting the announcement of dinner. At noon, says the Philadelphia Press, a dandy appeared at the door and rang a big hand bell.

Immediately the "coon" dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine, awoke, raised his nose toward the sky and howled loud and dolorously.

The dandy stopped ringing the bell and scowled at the dog.

"Yo' shet up!" he shouted. "Yo' don't hafta eat dis dinner! Sides, what's yo' mannahs, dawg?"



On March 4th a President in the White House will go to the capitol for his first inauguration—something that has never yet happened. Occupants of the White House have gone to the capitol for their second inaugurations; this has naturally been the case with every two-term President since Washington became the seat of government. But no man already in that office has ever gone through the ceremonial for the first time. This peculiar situation arises from the fact that no one of the other Vice Presidents who has succeeded to the Presidency—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson or Arthur—was elected for a second term. When McKinley followed Cleveland in 1897, the incoming and the outgoing Presidents were, according to custom, almost inseparable companions on the inaugural journey. Four years ago, when Mr. McKinley was for a second time inaugurated, there was no outgoing President to ride through the avenue with him. This year there will be none. It has never before happened twice in succession that there was no retiring President to accompany the President-elect. The second inauguration of a President already in office has always seemed somewhat anomalous, since the ceremonial signifies no real change of administration or of policy. This will explain why, in spite of all efforts, second inaugurations seldom excite the interest, or attract the crowds, of an original induction into office. This time, however, as Mr. Roosevelt has not before been honored in this way, the celebration promises to be unusually brilliant. Preparations on an extensive scale are already under way.

The annual report of the comptroller of the currency gives, in a few figures, an amazing illustration of available wealth and financial strength of this American nation. The banking power of the world—the capital, surplus, deposits and circulation of all its banks—its fluid wealth for the daily uses of its industry and commerce—is closely estimated at nearly \$3,000,000,000. Of this aggregate all the other countries combined have a little less than \$200,000,000. The United States of America alone has nearly \$1,000,000,000. In other words, under the Stars and Stripes, which float over less than one-thirtieth of the land area of the globe, and to which less than one-seventeenth of its inhabitants owe allegiance, is two-fifths of the fluid, active, working wealth of the human race. Uncle Sam, the financial giant among the nations, is using his strength as beneficially to mankind as any, and more so than many, as becomes an intelligent and highly civilized giant.

According to a recent bulletin of the Agricultural Department, the United States is the richest country on the globe, and the farmer the richest of all classes of citizens. The bulletin estimates the total value of the farmer's crops at \$3,200,000,000 as against a total of \$3,073,000,000 in 1902 and \$2,815,000,000 in 1901. This year's enormous total is made up as follows: Corn, \$985,000,000; wheat, \$551,000,000; cotton, \$600,000,000; hay, \$550,000,000; potatoes, \$158,000,000; oats, rye, barley, tobacco, buckwheat, vegetables, fruits and other agricultural products, \$356,000,000. Though the wheat crop is short the price is higher and the value of the crop this year is \$108,000,000 over the crop of 1903.

The next Congress, according to complete but unofficial returns, will have in the House of Representatives only 134 Democrats in a total of 386 members. This gives the Republicans a majority of 118. All but 26 of the Democratic members are from the Southern States. Three States—Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas—send solid Democratic delegations. Ten States—California, Colorado, Kansas, Maine, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington and West Virginia—have solid Republican delegations.

Five sheep without wool were recently imported from the Barbados by the Department of Agriculture, in the hope that they could be successfully introduced in the Southern States, where the ordinary American sheep is uncomfortable in the summer because of the thick woolen shirt which he has to wear. The Barbados sheep is either red or fawn-colored, with black shading, and has coarse hair instead of wool. The sheep looks like a small cow or deer, and is highly prized for its flesh.

The United States employed 10,555 men in distributing mail last year. The cost, distributed among 1,400 lines, was \$63,594,000. In 373 accidents to mail cars 18 clerks were killed and 78 seriously injured.

Five pensioners are on the roll on account of the revolution, 1,116 on account of the war of 1812, 4,734 on account of the Indian wars, and 13,874 on account of the Mexican war. The great bulk of the roll is as follows: Civil war, invalids, 703,356; widows, 248,590; Spanish war, invalids, 9,200; widows, 3,622; regular establishment, invalids, 9,170; widows, 2,628.

To insure accuracy naval chronometers are kept on ice.

Gen. Wm. Ludlow.
The late Gen. William Ludlow was a typical American soldier. He was absolutely devoid of fear and ran risks that would cause the ordinary man to tremble. It is related that in landing on Cuban soil Gen. Ludlow lost his uniform service hat on board and failed to recover it. Learning through his goods after landing, he found a white yachting cap, which he wore much of the time, if not quite all of the campaign. It was on his head in the Santiago fight, where it furnished a conspicuous target for the enemy's fire. An officer who was talking with Gen. Ludlow heard the zip of bullets and, on turning away, was hit and wounded severely. It was evident that there was danger in approaching the white yachting cap.

"Better take that off, General," said a brother officer. "They're aiming at you."

"Sorry," replied the General, "but, having brought this cap into this difficulty, I feel under obligations to take it through with me." And he continued to wear the white target.

THREE YEARS AFTER.
Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Colo., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

Poster-McBurn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

His Business Was "Lookin' Up."
A young man who had been born and reared in a small Pennsylvania town recently returned there after an absence of six or seven years. As he walked from the station to the home of his relatives, he encountered the old negro who had attended to the town's whitewashing from time immemorial. There was an exchange of greetings, after which the returned native said:

"Well, I see that you and the white-wash brush are still in partnership. How is business—looking up?"

"Yes! yes!" chuckled the old fellow. "That do be its way jus' now, sah. Yo' see, Ise kal-so-min-in' the ceilin' 'ud de Baptist Church, sah."

TORTURING, DISFIGURING
Humors, Eczema, Itchings, Inflammations, Burnings, Scalings and Chafings Cured by Cuticura.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head; the facework, as in pimples and ringworms; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

More Than He Could Stand.
"After you have taken this medicine," said the physician, "give yourself a hot water bath and go to bed at once."

"Gosh, doc!" exclaimed the shaggy-haired patient. "Can't you make it a mustard plaster or something like that? I always kitch cold when I take a bath!"—Chicago Tribune.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

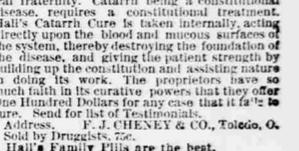
Another Victim.
"Well, sir, it does look like Providence is dead ag'in me!" exclaimed the South-west Georgia man.

"Why—what's it been doing to you, now?"

"Well, just as soon as the sun got hot enough to brile beefsteak, beef went so high that I couldn't reach it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Among the Greeks bracelets were worn only by women, but among the Romans they were regarded as a military decoration, and in monumental inscriptions the number of bracelets conferred on the subject is often stated. They were of thin plates of bronze or gold; sometimes gold wires spirally wound were used. Some bracelets weighing twenty ounces have been found.



It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.